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When I emerged from the back room, Heth was in his office and I had to pass through it and as I did I remarked: "That's quite an archive you have back there." He thought I was talking about the newspapers (there are some recent issues of the News there) and said that "It's a shame that they are not micro-filmed." I then got into a discussion about DWP's and My and Anne Muldoon's microfilming activities at the Library and he was very interested, very. I discussed the expense and such and he asked how much did a camera cost. I said I didn't know but would find out. He then said: "The Kiwanis is looking for a community project, and maybe we (the Kiwanis) could get the money to buy a microfilm camera and then we could do the job here in Carbondale and it would be cheaper." SRP: "If you get a microfilm camera, I will quit my job and photograph every newspaper in Carbondale." He was amused and pleased to hear of the strength of my conviction. Heth wants the papers that his father published and that he is publishing microfilmed and so his vanity may just end up in his getting the Kiwanis to buy the camera. I told him I would get him some brochures from the Library that are presently in the keeping of Miss Muldoon. I tried to restrain my glee and the prospect and quietly walked out the door and down to the Library, only to find that it was not yet one o'clock and hence the library was not open. I then went up to the Post Office and got the mail from 161 and then went back to the car on North Church Street across from the NEWS office only to find that I had gotten a ticket. I went down to City Hall and paid it in the box on the pole and then went to the office of THE MIRROR only to find our that the sign in the window read: "Back at 1:30." So I went home and ate lunch. Toasted cheese sandwiches. WSP came out in the kitchen and had some peanut butter and strawberry jam on toast. I reported on my morning's activities and then said that I was going back at 1:30, which I did. I went to the MIRROR office and Nan Waters was there and she was very gloom and doom when I entered, although very friendly. She told me almost immediately that "THE MIRROR will fold I'm afraid." I expressed my regret, my great and sincere regret about the news. And she and I commiserated for about 10 minutes and then she called Paul and told him her "third cousin" was there and why didn't he come down. Nan Waters asked me not to mention a thing about what she had told me in regard to the MIRROR. I am and was at the time very pleased that Nan Waters had taken me into her confidence. As much as I was sorry to learn the bad news, I immediately realized that the solution to the "mayors articles" was at hand: all the series could be transferred to THE NEWS. Paul Starzer arrived and he looked like he had been beaten down by the world. I told him I was hard at work on the next mayor article and that I liked the way the article looked. "Thanks for helping us fill up the page," said Paul. A Mr. Musari, a former postal worker, now retired, came in to chat with Paul and to tell him about a wine-making kit he had just learned about or was it a beer-making kit. He was all full of news and clingingly persistent in sticking around. Paul was not in the mood for such chatter although he listened well and finally the man went away. I took his name and will interview him at some point in the future. He seems to have a lot of information at his disposal about the early days of Carbondale. I left the MIRROR's office (cordial farewells all around) and went to the Library and told Miss Muldoon about my chat with Phil Heth and she seemed pleased and "We'll see what happens; maybe nothing will come of it, but then again, maybe we will get a camera," said I. I left the library and went home and picked up HLRP and we went to Scranton: I had to pick up some things from Shaw and she had to get some forms from the IRS. I was dropped off at the Shaw's building and when I got up to his office he was not there, even though it was 4 and he was supposed to be there between 3 and 5. He arrived about five minutes after I did. He gave me another load of stuff and we chatted on and on. Finally I left and found HLRP in the lobby of the bulding waiting for me. I had said that I would be only about

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fifteen minutes and I was about an hour. She didn't mind a bit, said she. We drove home and it was pancakes and sausage. Delicious. I wrote a draft of a letter to Paul Starzer on the demise of the MIRROR after dinner and waited for the 8:30 P.M. showing of WALL STREET WEEK WITH LOUIS RUKEYESER, which I love to watch with WSP. Rukeyeser is very interesting and I like the man. I always think of the program on Friday evening and imagine WSP watching it in Carbondale if I am not there. I went to bed rather late and go up in time to go down town at 9 A.M. with HLRP. A hideous winter storm: snow, rain, sleet was going on. At 8:15 Tom Horlacher called and I canceled the projected 10 A.M. inspection of City Hall. It will take place on Saturday, February 6, 1982, at 10 A.M. At 10 A.M. I was the only person at City Hall except JVB arrived a few minutes after 10. I was shoveling the side-walk in front of City Hall and we had a pleasant and warm chat. He was glad to see me and was sorry he was not at the meeting on Thursday night: he was sick and his mother would not let him out of the house. A youth by the name of Joe Martine, a son of the shoemaker, was there with a camera. He is a photographer for either the Tribune or the Times. I told him the inspection was off and told him that it was rescheduled for two weeks from that day. He should be telephoned before the 6th of February. John and I went up to the tower and looked around. We examined "301" and discussed the repair. We went down to the Goodwill Store where his mother works and chatted with her. I was very anxious to get going and we went into Kameen's to price plaster. We then went back to City Hall and JVB got a shovel from the Fire Company and up to the level above the clock we went and began shoveling pigeon manure down the hole in the floor. We closed the trap door and went at it ver energetically for about a half hour when I heard someone calling out John's name. It was Tom Brennan who was banging against the trap door on the level of the clock but he couldn't pick it up because it was covered with pigeon manure. We unburied it and he and Rob Lewis came up. They got shovels and up to the floor above the clock we went and started throwing pigeon manure down. Rob Lewis and Tom Brennan were creating an incredible amount of dust because they were throwing it too hard. I was able to work efficient and not raise much dust. One by one my co-workers seemed to disappear and I was alone shoveling manure. I did so for about an hour after they all left (Tom had to drive his brother to the airport, I don't know what happened to Rob, nor John). JVB came back and tried to convince me to stop shoveling. I was in a fury to get some work done and I did as he watched. Then I stopped. We descended to the lobby and the Chief of Police was there and JVB knows him and we had a pleasant chat. JVB's grandfather was a gunsmith and he fixed all the police department guns and so JVB and his family know all the police. The Chief of Police seemed very friendly to me. John and I then walked up to the direction of the Post Office only to find out that it was closed. As we were crossing the street to go into the Big Chief to make a phone call, JVB spotted his parents' truck coming up Main Street and he hailed them and got in and that was that. WSP came down and picked me up. I bathed and watched television and rested. Sunday morning I went to City Hall with HLRP when she went to church at 11 and I spent the day in the tower shoveling manure. I hauled the 41 fertilizer bags down to the third floor, filled up 10 leaf/garbage bags with manure, moved the pile from around the southeast corner of the tower on the fourth level so that too much weight would not be at one place, then I went up to the tower and began shovel in more down. I spent the afternoon doing it and had to stop when it got dark. I almost finished the floor and wished that the daylight had gone on for about 40 minutes longer for I could have finished the floor. I decided that I would take Monday off and that is what I did. On Monday I called in and talked with Fran Ryan and took the day as a vacation day. On Sunday night I had a sumptuous chicken dinner at home. HLRP had it all ready for me when I returned